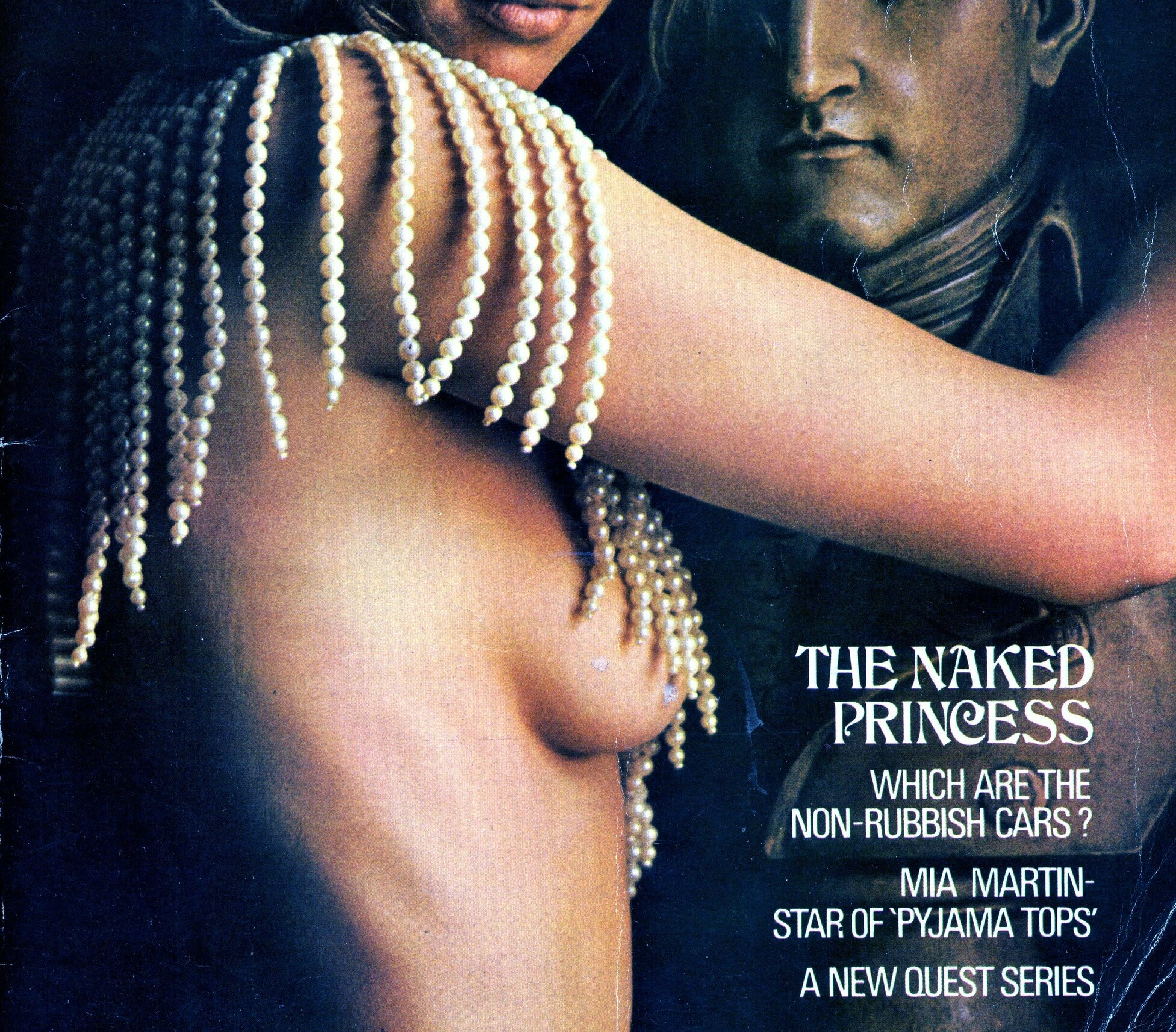
MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SIX SHILLINGS Vol. 6 No. 1

INCORPORATING King



THE NAKED PRINCESS

WHICH ARE THE NON-RUBBISH CARS?

MIA MARTIN- STAR OF 'PYJAMA TOPS'

A NEW QUEST SERIES

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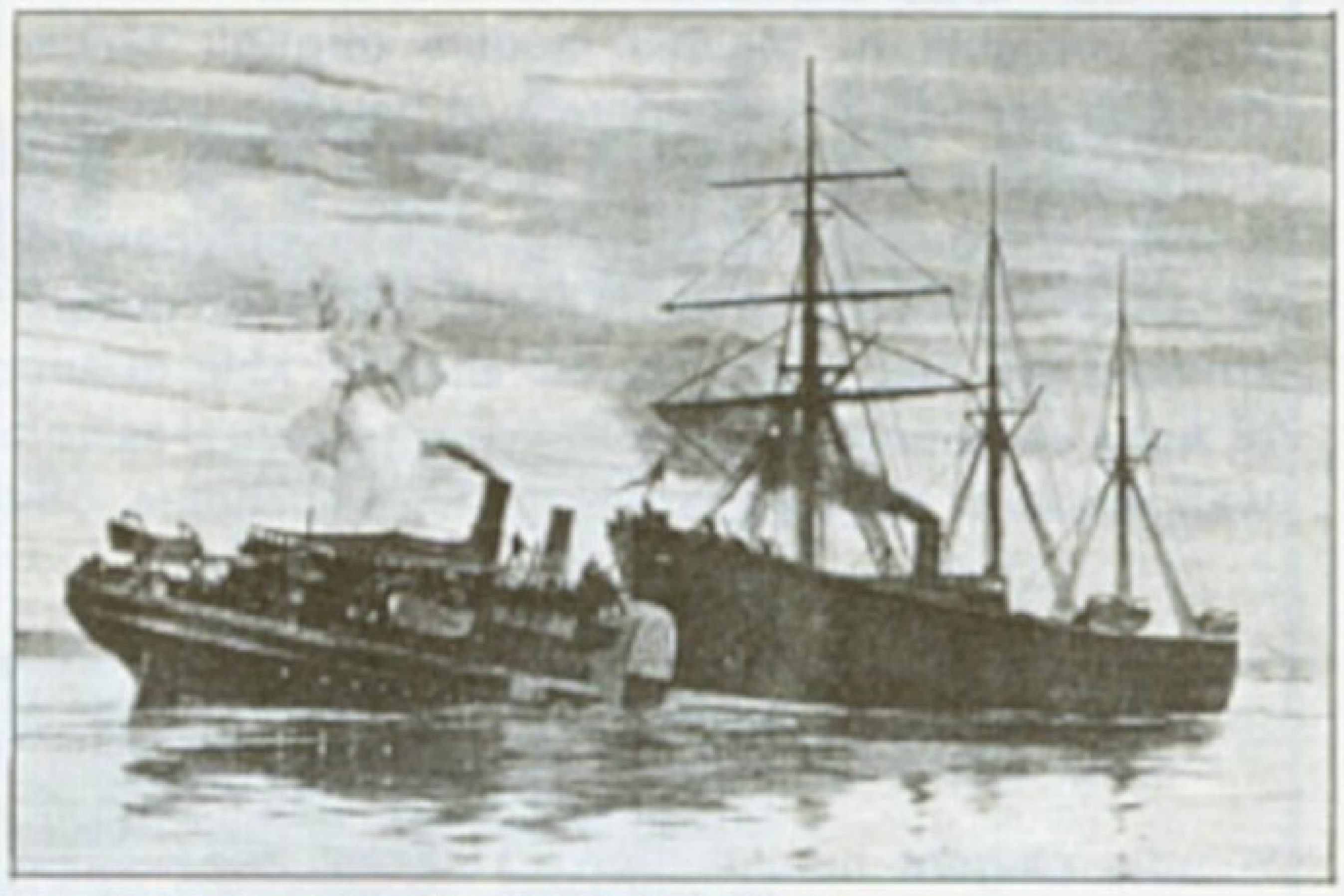

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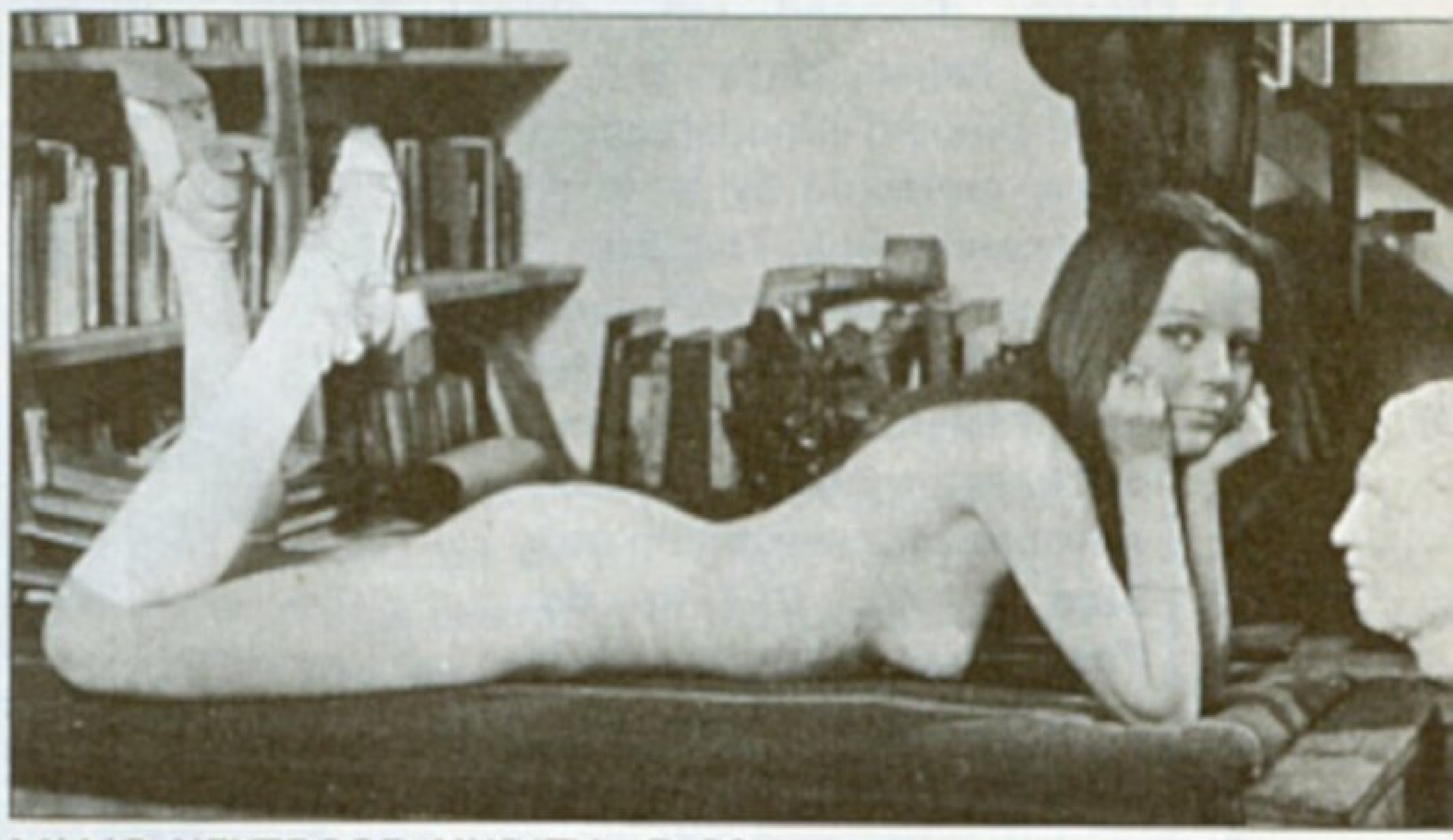

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Editor **Kenneth Bound**/Art Director **Jim Bunker**/Photography **John Adams**/Fashion **Erica Crome**/Books **Arthur Pottersman**/Films **David Quinlan**/Reader's Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Brian Giddings**/Published by the Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2/Distributed by Continental Publishers and Distributors, 4 Regent Place, W1/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printed by Beric Press Ltd., Crawley, Sussex, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all material submitted for publication, Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit, or elsewhere/
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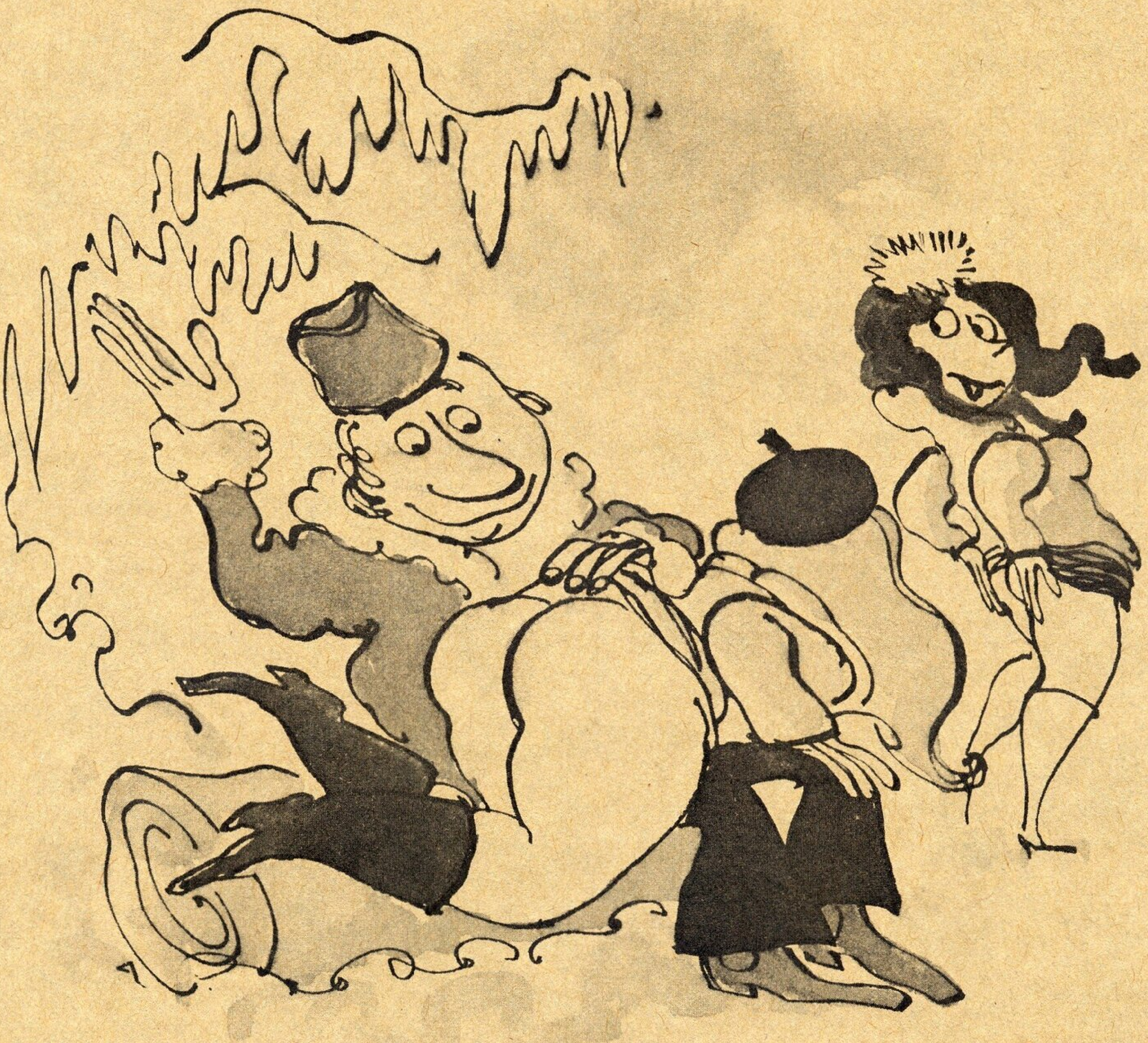
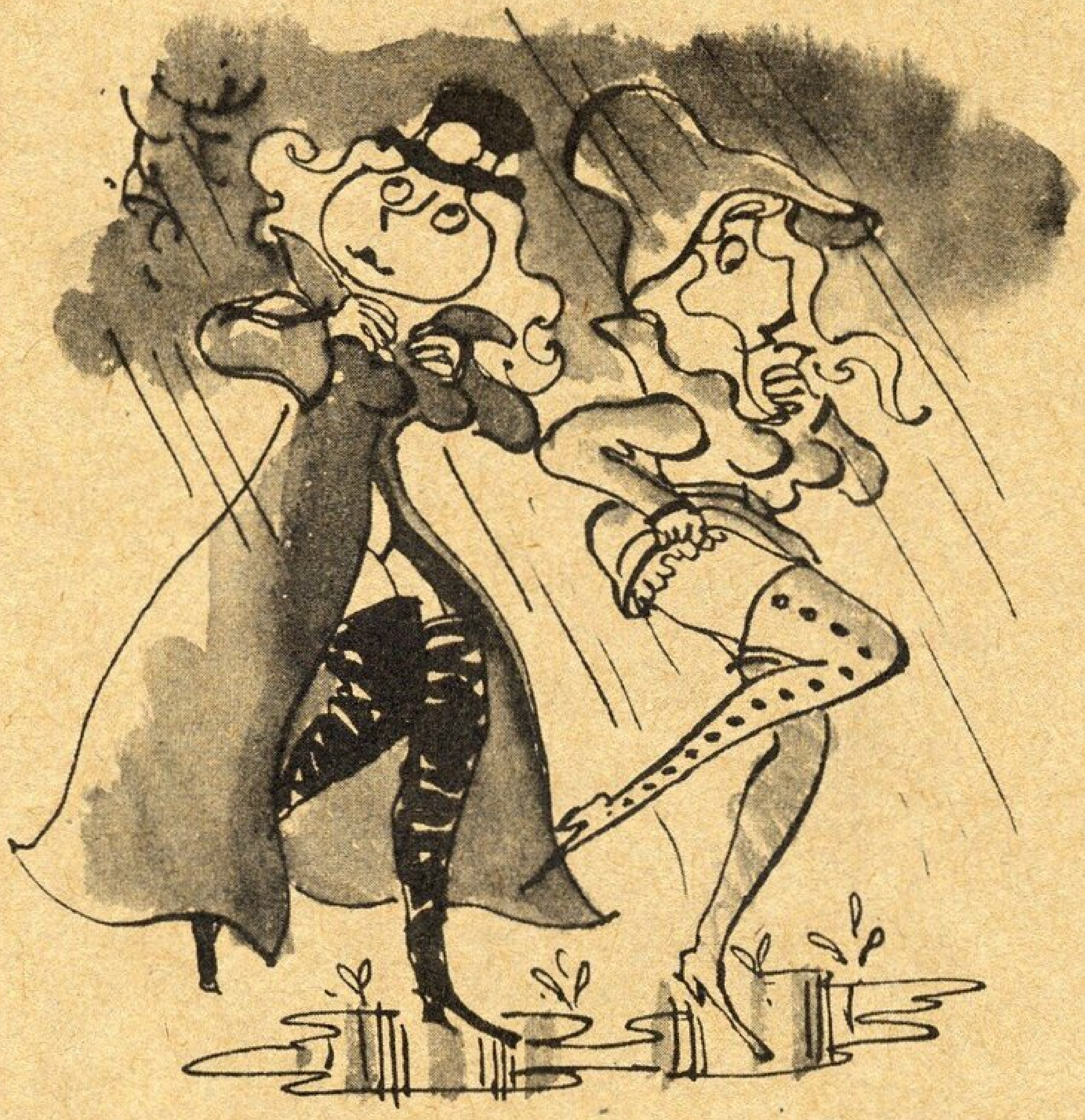


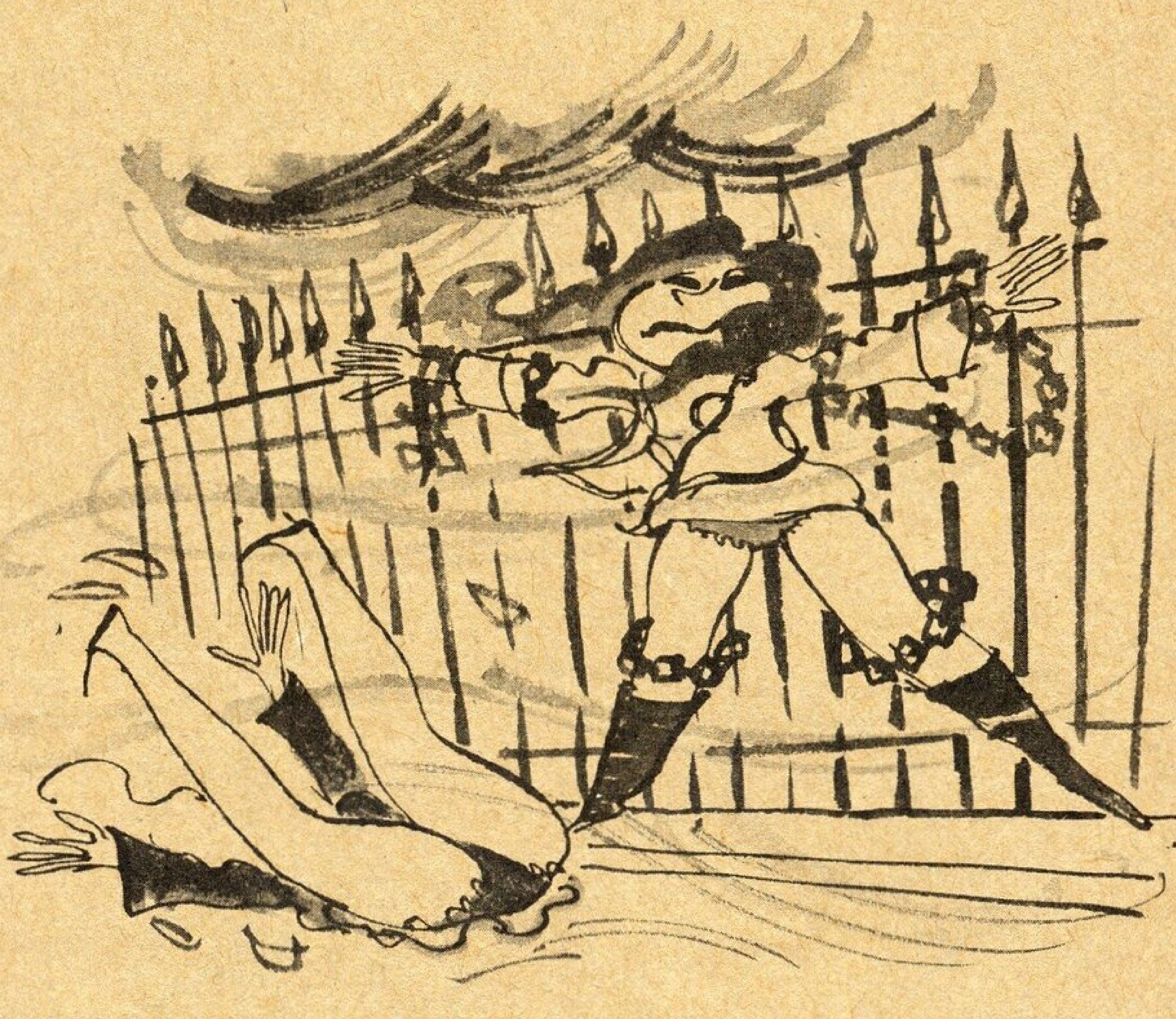
January birds are chilled with snow,
Slap them well and make them glow.

Mayfair's calendar of delight

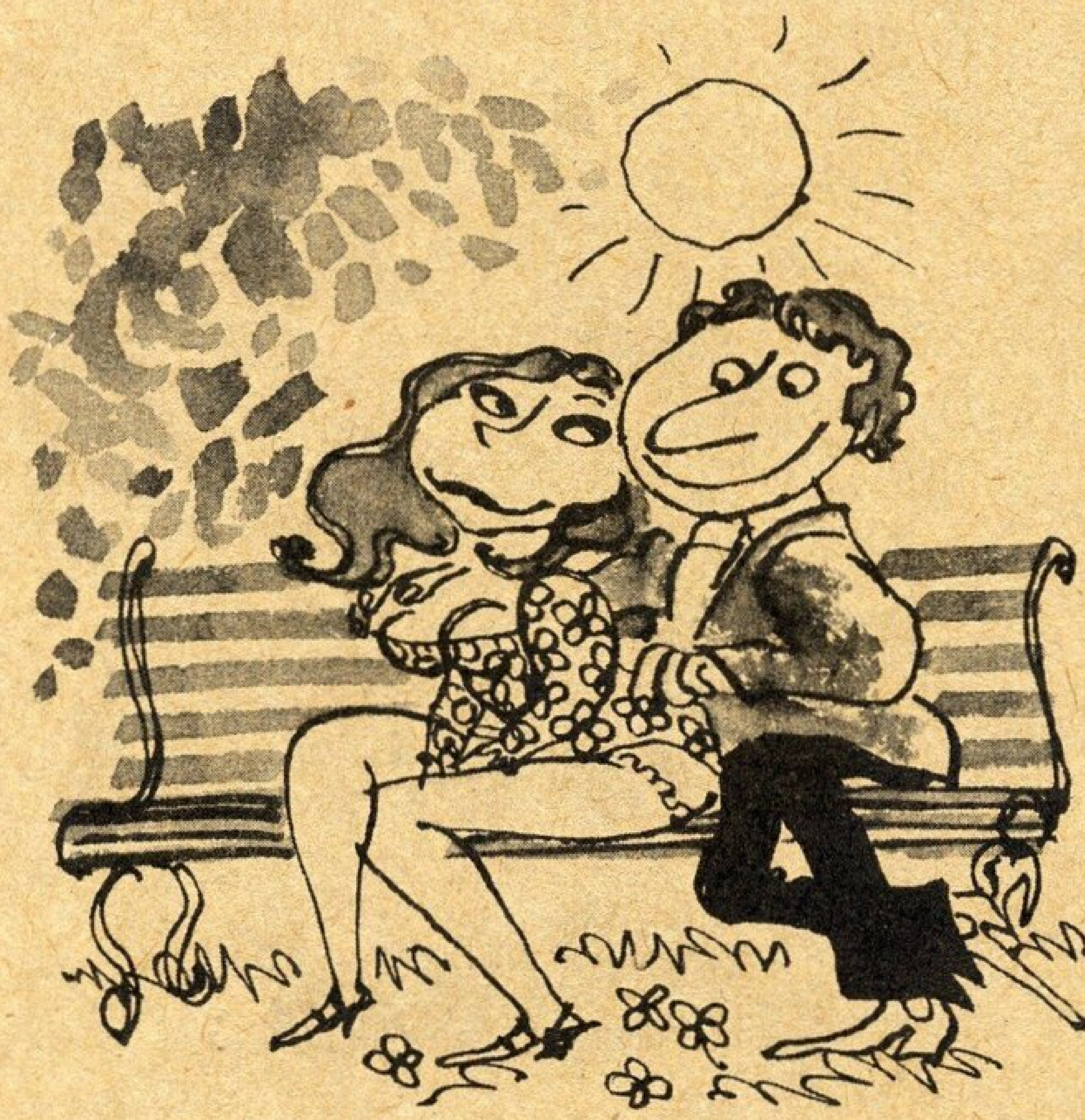
At the beginning of this new year Roy Raymonde illustrates the seasonal joy each month can bring



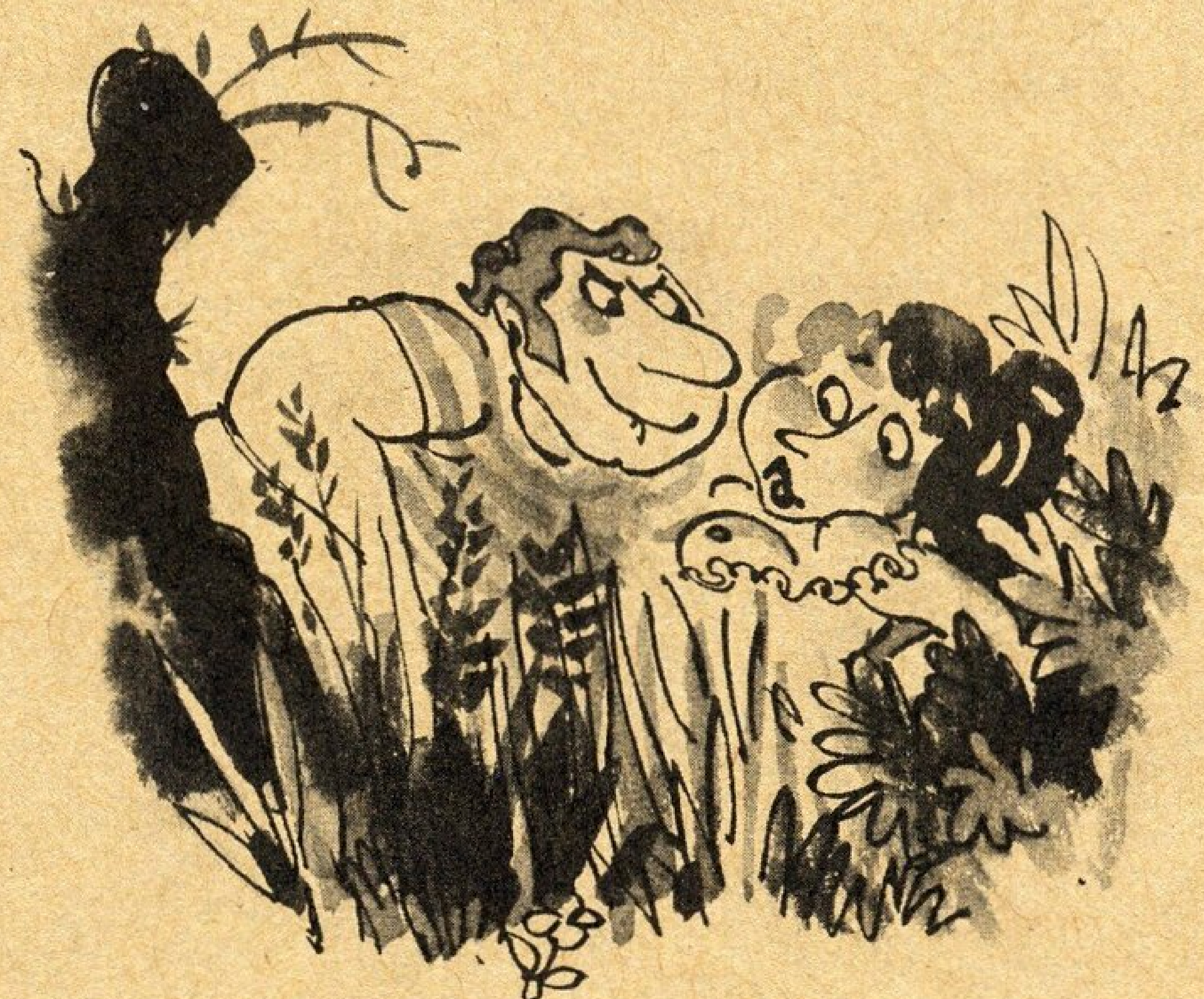
February girls get nice and wet
Out come the kinky raincoat set.



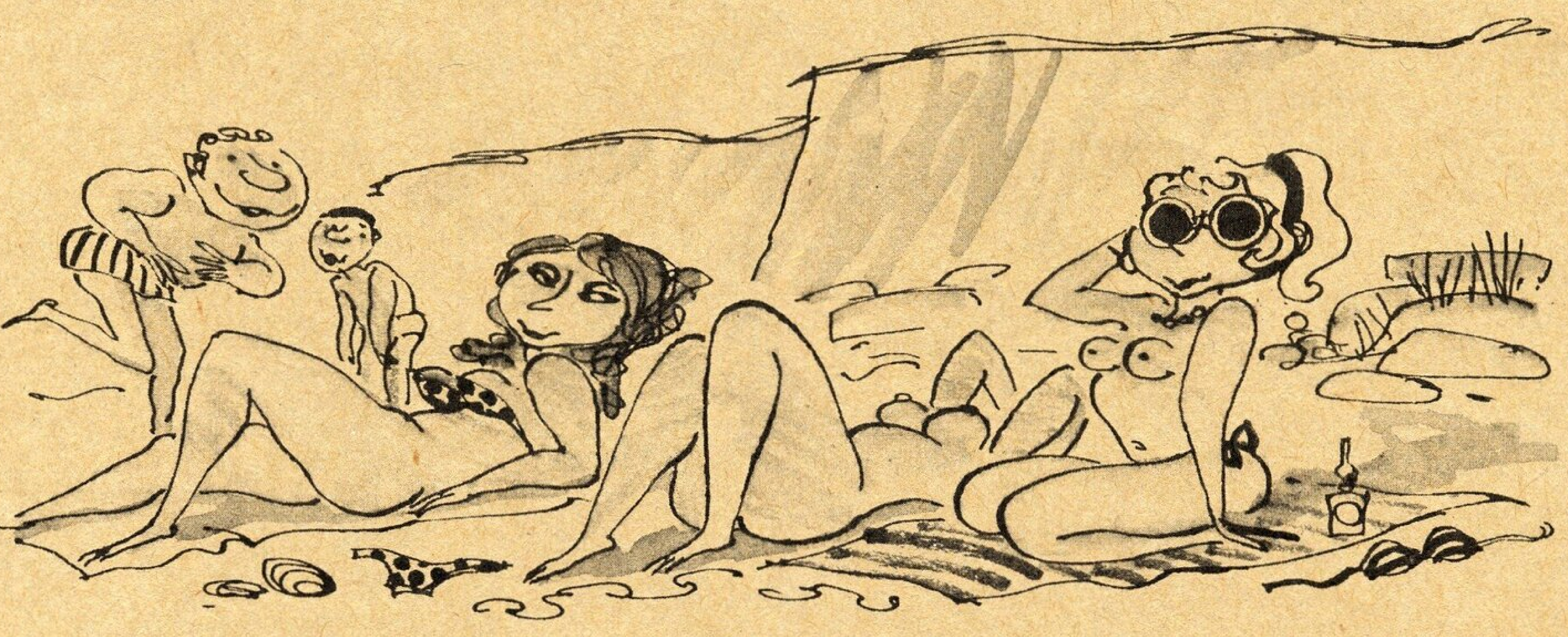
March girls get windblown, hair all loose
So tie them up for future use.



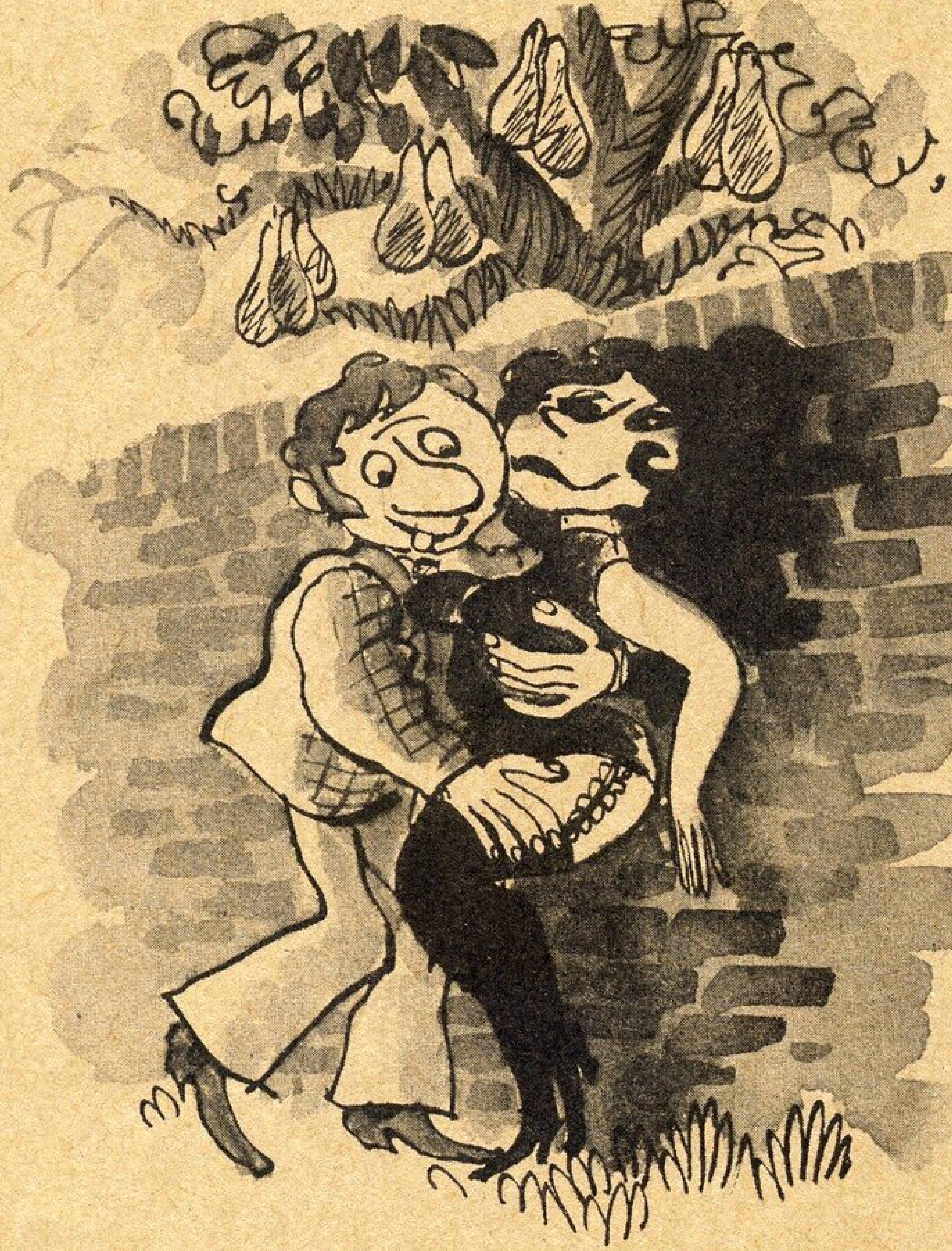
April birds are sun and showers
Admire their buds, pull up their flowers.



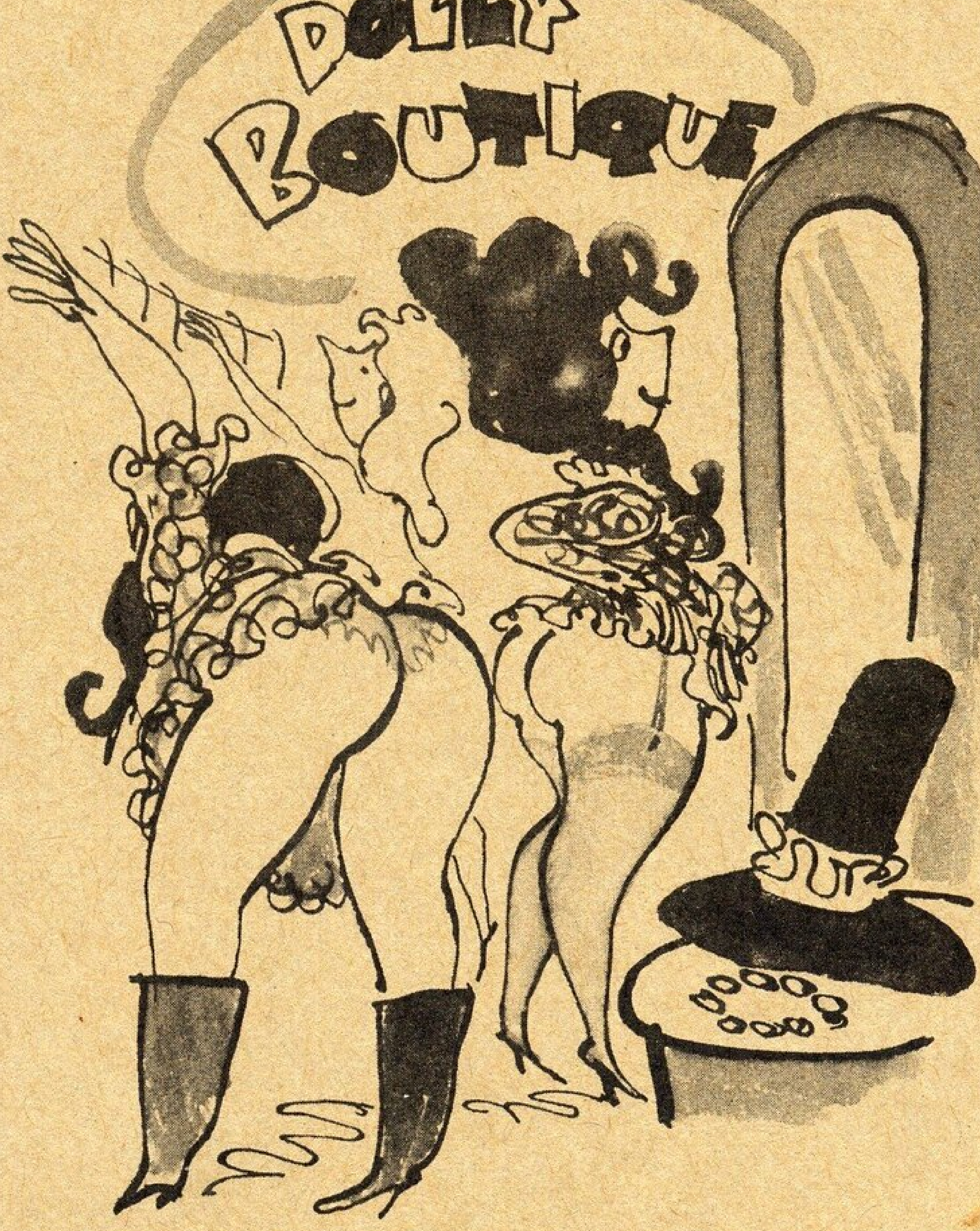
May dollies are the sexiest seen
Swelling, lush and very green.



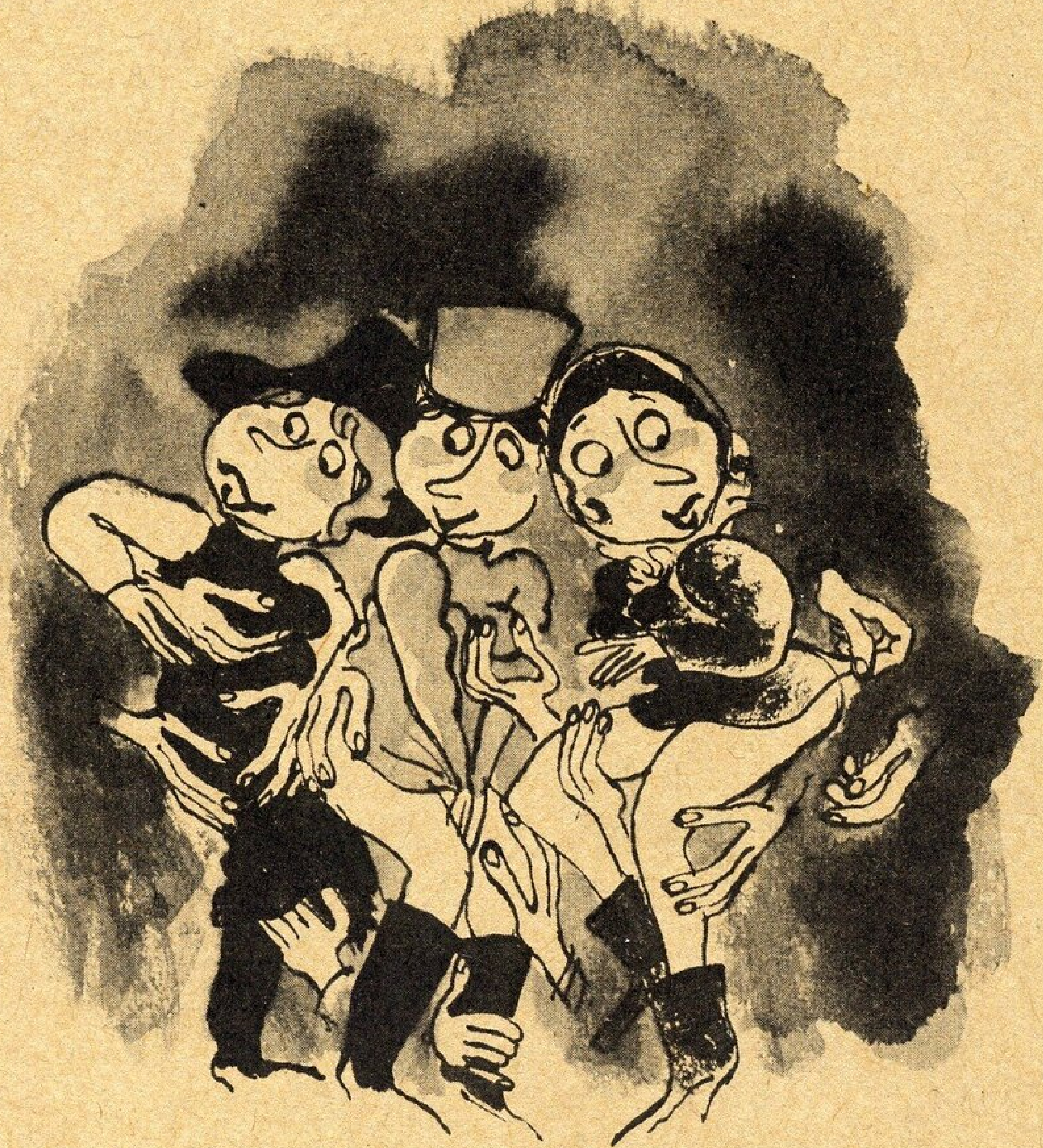
June, July and August chicks
Hot as ovens, brown as bricks.



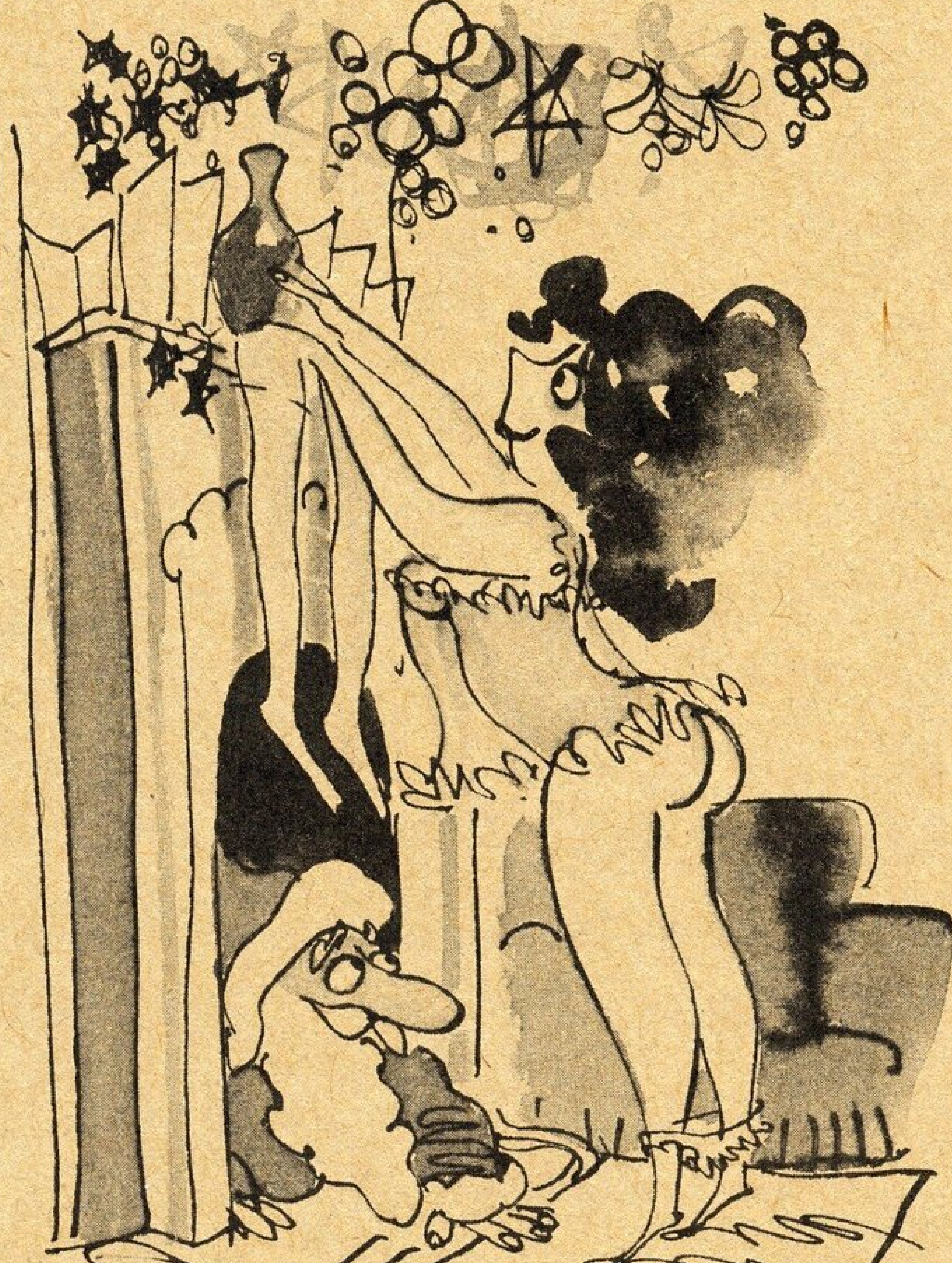
September girls are ripe to fall
Pluck the fruit against the wall.



October lovelies make you stare;
Foliage falls and limbs are bare.



November girls love fog and dirt –
and unseen fingers up their skirt.



December girls, all over town,
Say, 'Stocking up and knickers down'.

PRINCESS ALITA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LINZI

Black is beautiful. The poster hangs limply from the wall, unstuck at a corner. The Princess turns dark untroubled eyes away from it and smiling in the disco darkness of soft thudding lights, slowly shakes her head. 'White,' she says, 'is just as nice.' Her voice is honey mellow, deep as the colour of her skin, soft as the shape of winter raindrops still glistening in her black hair. 'The colour of your skin is so superficial. It's deep down in the soul and the heart where all the action is you know? It's just that for hundreds of years black has represented evil and subconsciously a lot of people think it still does.' Princess Alita Sonremalus, 36–24–36 of finely muscled round breasted negress, flicks back the silvery dress from her feline African thighs, swinging her alive body through the flickering jagged strobe lighting that makes the dancers convulse like clipped characters from old silent movies. Her breasts quiver to her heartbeats. Later, in the strident music-heavy room the crystal of glass held at her teeth shines and the light dances from her wet tongue-tipped lips, pout shaped as she swirls the drink and puts it down. Her eyes sleepy silent under butterfly wing lashes are moving restlessly about the room in search of something she does not find. She belongs but at the same time she feels the call of something else. A trapped tigress, caged in circles of light and non-light. She belongs but not to you, nor anyone else. She is momentarily suspended animation. She slides in a single movement from her stool and is going towards the stairs. Outside the rain has stopped and the pavements are shiny reflections of shop lights. The air is winter fresh and sharp like sudden pine needles. You can sense the freedom pumping through her strongly and pushing away the constrictions of formulated society. She breathes deeply, flicking strands of hair from her face, wrinkling her nose to catch scents in the air, moving as though she knows she is beautiful.

Gently raindrops falling on her upturned face as she walks between trees to the flat half hidden in a quiet backwater of Kensington. Her hands feel the rough bark as she steps between them, letting the branches brush against her face. The rain is falling harder. We reach the dry safeness of her flat. The key twists smoothly in her supple fingers. Inside, clothes are strewn across the floor. An elusive scent of magnolia blossom. 'I sometimes have trouble deciding what to wear, like this evening,' she smiles. 'I guess most girls do. I remember a party in Stockport near Manchester. That was a great place. I didn't know what to wear, took three hours deciding and finally arrived in jeans and a bikini top. But no-one seemed to mind. They were all really friendly. We went car riding all over the North that weekend. The people up there are really nice, no hang-ups, no terrors, they just accept you.' She raises her dress above her head, shaking herself free. Her breasts bunch upwards under the transparent blue mesh of her body stocking. Her legs are apart, feet firmly on the ground. 'I've never been photographed without clothes on before,' she says as the camera clicks in staccato bursts. 'Just relax and be natural,' we say. 'I find it difficult to relax and let go indoors,' she murmurs. 'I like to be outside with plenty of space around me. Like when I go swimming, I don't go to a pool, I love the natural sea. I like its moods and the feeling it gives me with its massiveness and the way it moves.'

'Tell us about Africa,' we say. But there are some things she will not talk about. She came to England a year ago, stalked through Heathrow arrival lounge and into London. She was just twenty then, twenty-one now. She'd just finished schooling in her native Central African state where she got preferential treatment as royalty. But that is all she will tell you. She is worried that her family will get uptight about her nakedness in these pages. They wouldn't approve out there.

She models fashion clothes for elegant women's magazines. 'But,' she says, 'I need freedom. I feel it like this without my clothes on. I'm not going to do a lot of nude photography though, just this once. I need the wide open spaces from time to time. I must be able to move off and do what I like when the mood takes me. I like the trees and the sea and the soft English grass and Scottish heather that's so springy and soft to touch.' Across her body the light moves and laps around her breast. Her surroundings are evocative of her own natural unfettered beauty. Africa is far away, a distant pang in her subconscious that will always be with her wherever she goes.

She likes freedom, it is in her blood but she still goes dancing at night clubs when in town and the mood for mixing is with her. But just as often she'll sit in her flat in the evenings and paint. 'I don't paint anything in particular. It's not so much being in the mood for painting, as painting the mood I'm in at the time.'

Future? 'Films,' she said, 'are what I'm aiming for. I want to be an actress. I don't mind whether I'm a star or not, just an actress.'

Cut to mid distance shot of waves breaking in long shining rolls on a sunswept beach. The girl moves naked, foam lapping her ankles, towards the long grass of the dunes where it moves fitfully in the light breeze. Her body is lithe against the curling water. Princess Alita in a freedom world of her own where only the seabirds cry.

William and the Riding Instructress

Prim Miss Thatcher was shocked. So was I. Beneath her starched blouse she wore this sexy half-bra . . :

A further William Brown story by Denny Johnston

The first thing that impressed me about the riding school was the number of girls. Tall, short, slim, plump. Blondes, brunettes, a redhead. They varied in age from an innocent fourteen to a succulent twenty-five. They wore tight jeans and jodhpurs and blouses with the buttons undone.

It looked as if I was the only male there. Then I saw a stablehand wielding a shovel in one of the stalls, a skinny acned scurfied youth. What was it that attracted women to horses, I wondered. Did the motion of a horse between a girl's legs really give her a thrill?

The stables were built of stone and haphazard crumbling black beams. A clock tower stood above a roof of lichen covered red tiles. On three sides of the courtyard were low stalls with two horses looking looking out inquisitively.

One girl swept out a stall and another spread hay about. Others walked across the cobbles carrying saddles and buckets of water.

A girl came out of a stall leading a tall black horse. She was in her mid twenties, shapely and slim and had short black hair and a pert sun-tanned face with a few freckles.

'Mr Brown?'

'Yes.'

'This is your horse. His name is Brutus.'

The girl smiled. She was much shorter than me and she wore tight jeans, black riding boots, a sleeveless blouse and a black bra.

'I've never ridden a horse before,' I said.

'I'll show you how to mount, first. You hold the reins in your left hand. Put your left foot in the stirrup like this, then hop round. Up and swing your leg over.'

The girl spoke as she mounted the horse in quick graceful movements. She went up as if her lithe body were as light as a feather, her plump little bottom straining against her jeans as she swung into the saddle. It looked so easy. She sat straight backed for a moment, then dismounted. Brutus snorted, pawed hay strewn earth a little and the girl patted his neck.

'What's your name?'

'April Whitfield,' she said.

Two blonde teenage beauties were washing a white pony with a hose and blue sponges. Their laughter was music. April smiled at me. I had met her a few minutes ago, but already I felt I knew her well.

She was a girl who dressed simply – a thin white blouse and jeans – and looked sexy as hell. Already past her teens, but her simplicity, her use of just a little blue eye shadow and pastel lipstick made her schoolgirlish and virginal and ripe for plucking.

She seemed unaware of her seductiveness, standing close so I could smell her perfume. And yet I wondered if it were a deliberate tease. Her lips trembled with a shy smile that made me want to kiss her.

No. Her eagerness to please was genuine enough. She was warm and kind, I decided.

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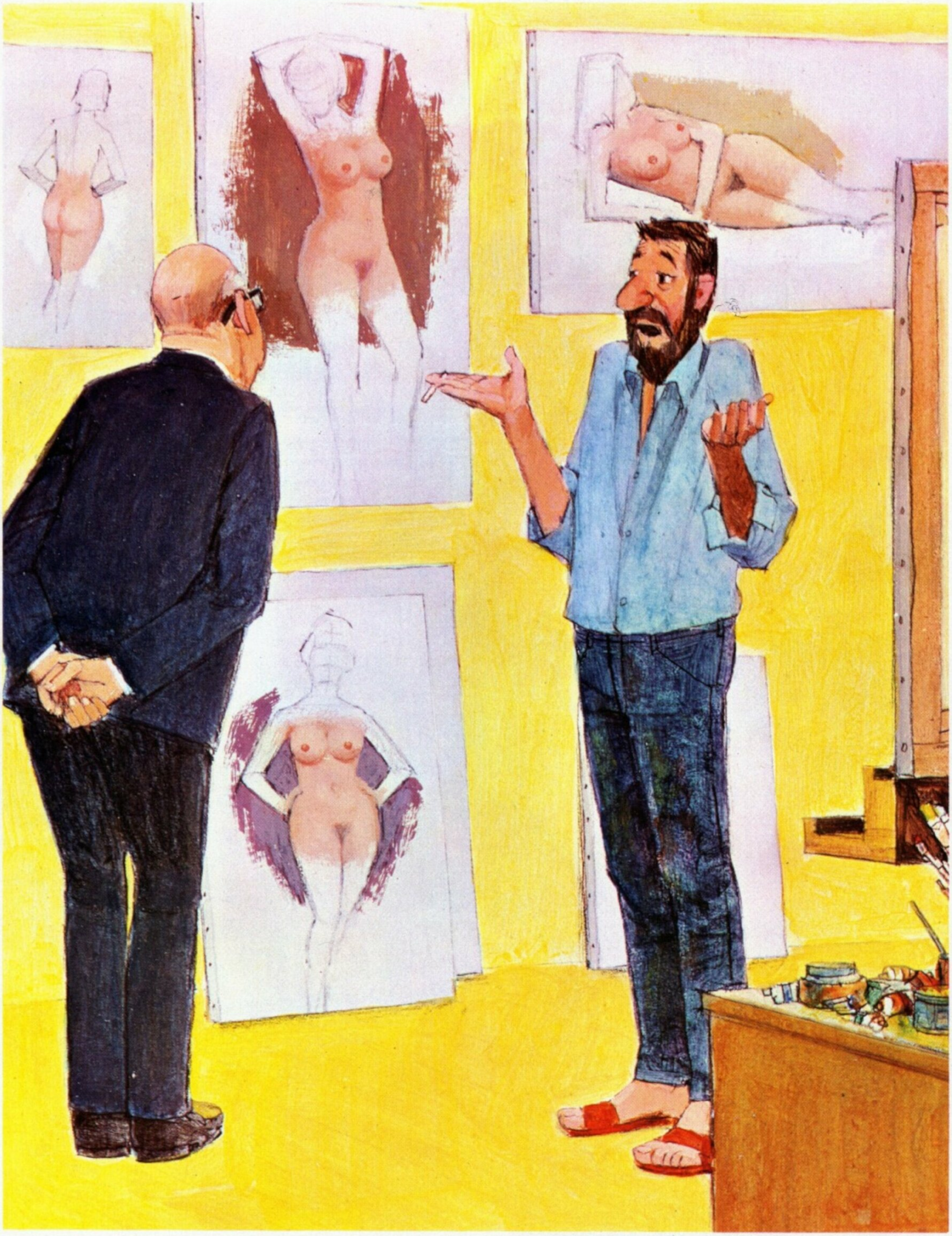
ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD



'Why spend a lot of time painting details nobody looks at?'

MIA

Photographed by Philip O. Stearns at the studio of sculptor Kim James

She looks sixteen, young and defenceless against the rushing clamour of the city. Her eyes are clear and bright, her skin is soft and cool and her body is vibrant with suppressed vitality and the way she walks. A diminutive au-pair girl moving half naked across the stage of the Whitehall Theatre in Paul Raymond's 'Pyjama Tops', Mia Martin at 22 is the distillation of all girls-next-door. You went, you saw and she conquered your heart with her lithe body and woman's voice and ways. So by popular demand, we give, in these pages, an insight into the mind and body of Mia.

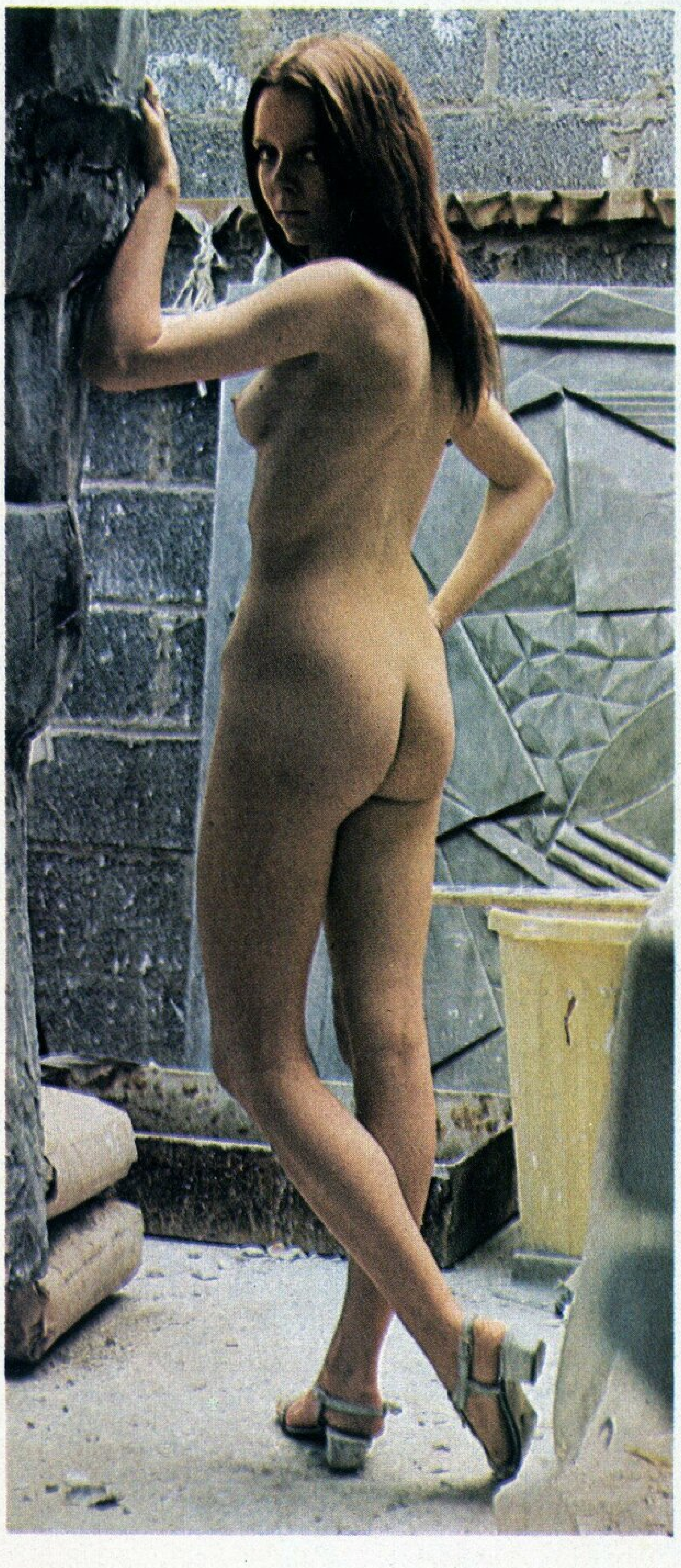
Her measurements of 32–20–32 scarcely do her justice. Watch the way she moves as she comes towards you, five feet and two inches of her springing lightly across the grass in the park, crunching the snow under long white boots, bottom-hopping mini skirt twitching across her rump. The promise of summer in her flushed and finely moulded face. She is lighter than air, a feather lightness you can lift in your arms, as she squeals with excitement, and whirl round at shoulder height before you kiss her. She brings out in you the deepest protective and possessive instincts you've ever felt, this soft and perky breasted tomboy.

CLOTHES FROM LADY JANE BOUTIQUE

She joined the cast of 'Pyjama Tops' six months ago as the nude swimmer in the glass sided pool. 'I wasn't nervous,' she laughed, 'about appearing nude at all. I was more nervous about being nervous and making a mistake. Nudity doesn't bother me at all. In fact,' she whispered, 'I rather enjoy it.' And then she smiled again. 'I've appeared naked before, in films, once as a hippy drug addict.' She studied ballet and drama up to the age of eighteen and travelled the weary round of agents and theatres before she got the job of Wendy opposite Julia Lockwood's Peter Pan at the Scala. She toured with the cast through Edinburgh, Glasgow, Newcastle, Bristol and Stratford-on-Avon. And Stratford was the place she wanted to stay. She used to sit under the trees that reached down to touch the river and feed the slow gliding swans. 'That's what first gave me the idea of acting in Shakespeare,' she said, 'I really would like to do serious drama. I know that a lot of actresses say that, but with me it's a compulsion.' When television and theatre work give her time for relaxation she likes to sit down and write short stories. Her father's a writer in Windsor and she goes down there when she feels the urge to write coming on.

'I haven't had any of my short stories published yet,' she said, 'but I write them for my own relaxation and enjoyment rather than anything else.'

We photographed her in the studio of sculptor Kim James. She moved amongst the props and sculpture with consummate ease, completely at home, unashamed and natural in her nakedness. There is no shyness, no false modesty. She believes in her body and her body is beautiful, the limbs of a young schoolgirl below the mischievous eyes and the soft cascading red-brown hair, waterfalling across her shoulders almost to her pert breasts. 'I think nakedness is the key to the way you run your life,' she said. 'If people can be proud of their bodies it gives them the self assurance to go out and live. I think that if you're ashamed of your body you're always too aware of its faults and you can't enjoy anything as completely and naturally as you should.' There is in that an essence of truth and there is in Mia a complete embodiment of all things delightful and natural. Life is before her, to be taken by the scruff of the neck and shaken. She is mischievous enough to do that, this girl who should be living next door to you but is off somewhere else shaking things up. And how.



Girls, come share

It's uphill work making the snow maidens,

Have you fumbled a crutch recently? Let me put it more succinctly. Have you been dependent on crutch manipulation while pursuing your simple pleasures during the past twelvemonth? I have, but not by choice. It was forced upon me when I broke my leg on a ski-ing holiday.

It all started in my King's Road local one midsummer Saturday lunchtime. I had been pondering for some weeks on the attractive possibilities of foreign climes, as revealed in the travel posters strewn about my travel agent's walls.

A quick foreign climb, I was thinking, as I knocked back my freshly drawn pint and regarded the Swedish barmaid's gently swaying summits bulging against the neck of her low cut blouse as she applied herself to the pumps, would do me the world of good.

'Hello,' exploded a high pitched female voice in my left ear, 'I do believe it's Edward.'

I tore myself away from such Swedish delights.

'Edward,' The voice came from a delicate pair of pink lips above a pair of tweed covered breasts like broody pumpkins on the decline. 'You certainly aren't looking your usual rosy apple-cheeked self.'

'Ah, Gladys,' I replied, 'I can see you've been sneaking a look down the back of my trousers again.'

'Edward,' she whinnied, 'your stomach reminds me of a set of bloated bagpipes. Can't you pull it in a little for decency's sake darling?'

From the corner of my eye I glimpsed the barmaid's right breast. As she pulled on the handles it rose, quivered like a well slapped left lower cheek and gently subsided into its lacy nest.

I took a deep breath and planted my pot on the bar. I refer to my empty pint pot.

'Edward,' rasped Gladys, 'your stomach is moving.'

'Where to?' I asked, astonished, looking down.

'Well, it's sort of pulsating.'

'I am,' I said, through bitterly clenched teeth, 'about to go away to a far place and do something about it.'

My travel agent was very accommodating. 'Ah, Mr Knox,' he wheezed, clutching a large assortment of sun ripened brochures in pale untanned hands. 'I am sure a week or two amongst the peaks will put fresh life into you. Now here is just the place for a man of your standing.' I didn't realize it was that obvious. . .

Chamois-Les-Deuxboobs is a peaky sort of place. There are peaks to the left and clefts to the right and the effect on the system is very bracing.

As you hurtle down the slopes – and I have been known to hurtle several times a day – effortlessly flicking the soft fluffy snow under your sticks, it takes a fine degree of control to avoid the straining rosy tipped obstacles that litter the virgin wastes.

my boob~sleigh

discovers Edward Knox. Drawn by Cobb

To while away the time as I waited for my instructress at the head of the nursery slope I made myself comfortable in the snow and resting my Army and Navy high power 8 × 70 binoculars on the shoulder of a stunted snowman, I studied the riot of pulchritude that bounced and jogged about the lower slopes in an effort to glean more knowledge of snow sports.

As dizzy suntanned alpine peaks lunged hither and thither across my field of vision followed by superbly cleft tightly covered buttocks, I felt the old stirrings from the Knox alpinehorn.

'My name is Gunhilde Thorensen,' chimed a mellow female voice from above. 'I am your ski instructress.'

I panned the Army and Navies upwards and after slight adjustment to the focus was regaled with the finest sight since Hillary first saw Everest.

'Edward Knox,' I rallied tilting my bobble hat to a rakish angle and casting a naked eye over the swelling terrain teetering like pomegranates over my head.

Stuffing the binoculars back inside my bulky sweater I grasped her firm muscled thighs to raise myself from the ground and pulled. With a sound like the twang of a pair of chest expanders unleashed at full stretch, her elastic snapped and her tight black ski pants slid from her smooth brown legs forming a little pool of cloth round her clumpy ski boots.

'Ah,' I said reverently, lying well back to study the artistic whorls of her white lace panties cut tightly across her tanned thighs.

'Superb,' I mused, 'My travel agent was not wrong when he said there was colour in them there alpine cheeks.'

'What have you done?' gasped my instructress, the jutsome Gunhilde.

'I seem to have lowered your defences,' I murmured.

'You silly horny handed fool,' she yelled, dragging her trousers back to her hips, 'you've made a fool of me.'

'My hands,' I rejoined. 'are of the finest texture and not unaccustomed to handling the softest curves,' I glanced idly at the gathering throng. 'I'd much rather feel you than fool you Gunhilde.'

'You've done both, you nasty man,' she blurted.

I levered myself to my feet. 'Here,' I said, 'allow me to take you back to the hotel. You had better change your clothes.'

'I think,' she said, as I toppled back into the snow with cramp in my leg, 'you had better change your ski instructress.' With that she left, brandishing her appendages to clear a way through the small interested crowd.

Dispersing the more unruly elements with a wave of 'Knoxthruster' my trusty ski stick as I got to my feet, Army and Navies dangling against my stomach like underfed baboons scaling a turnip, I

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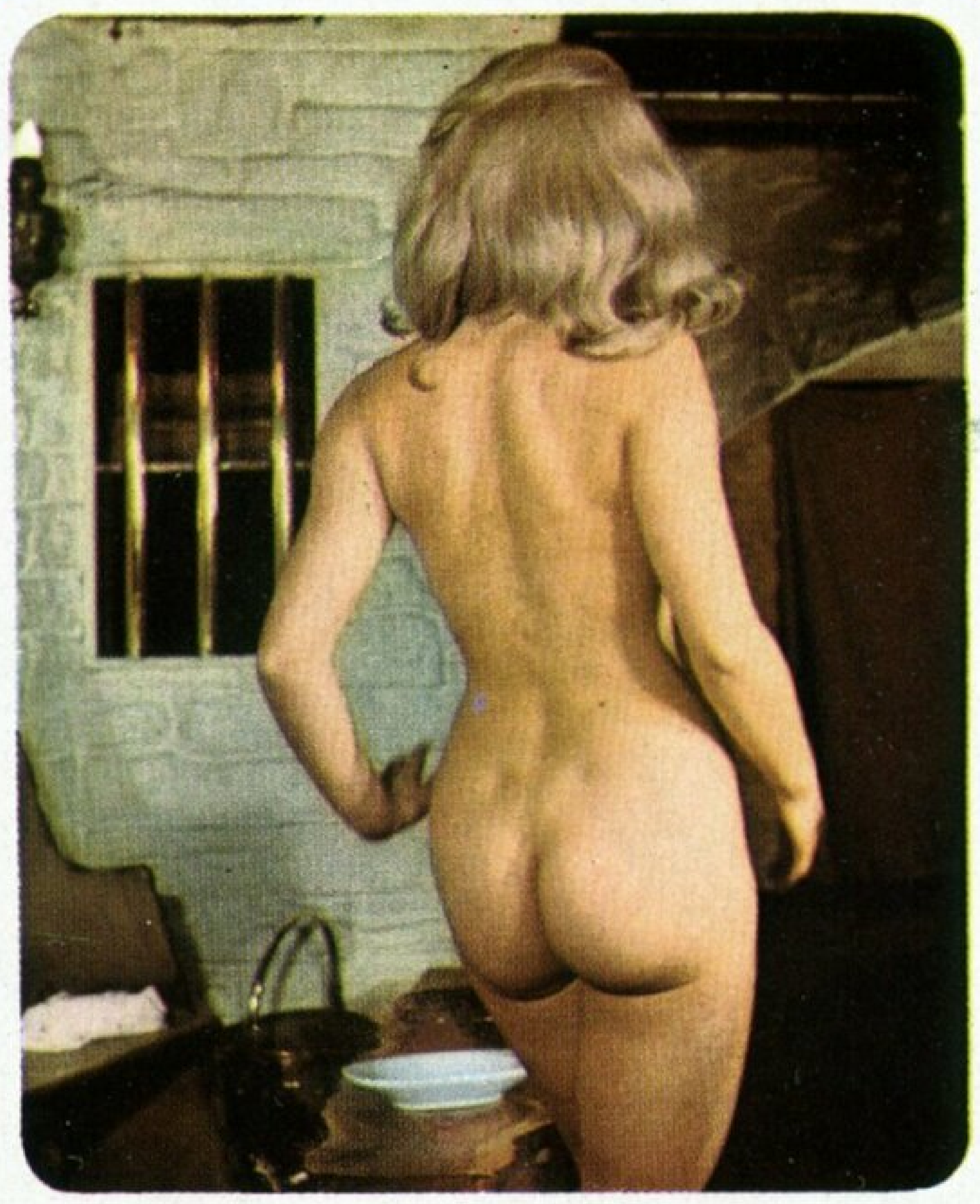
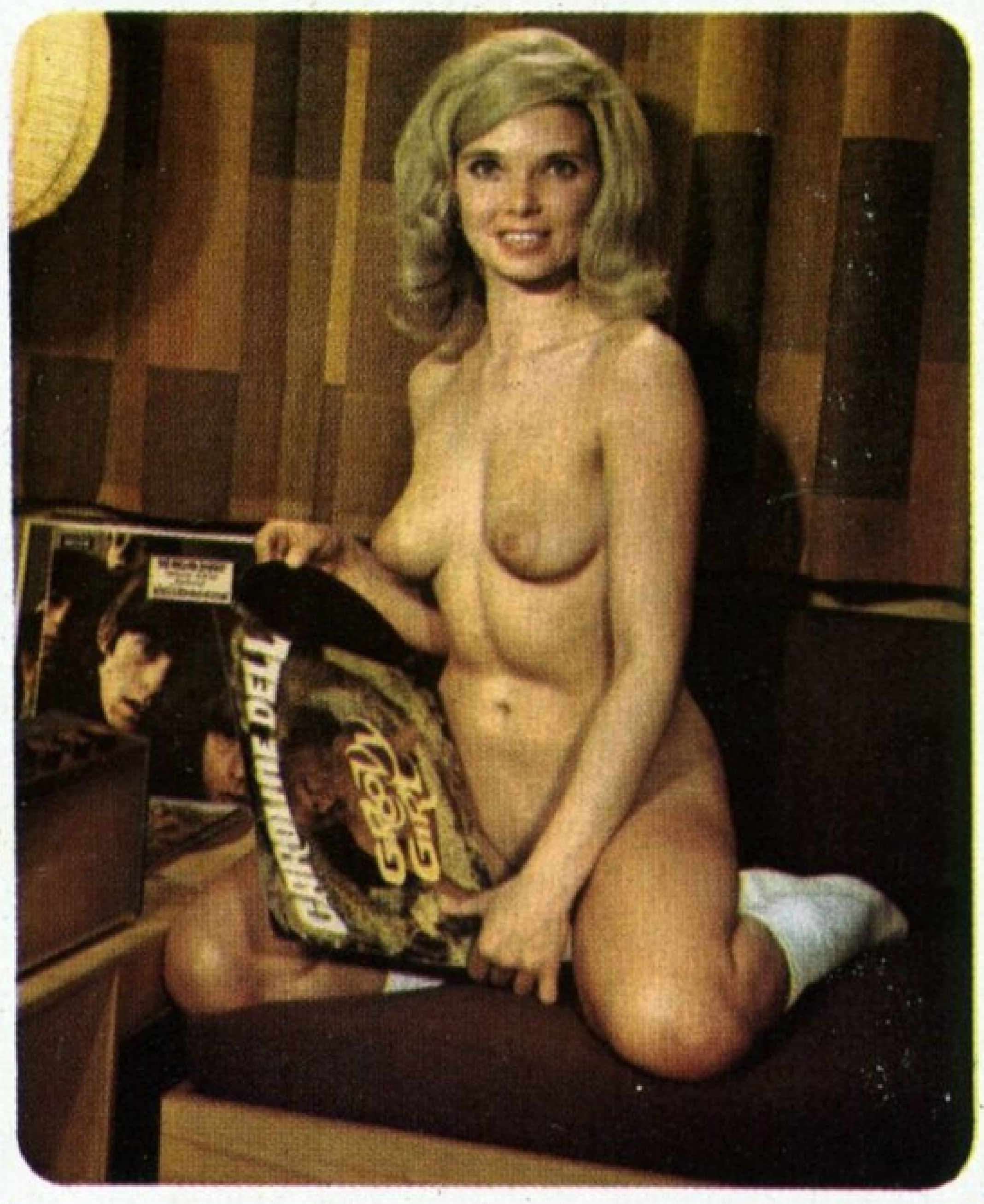
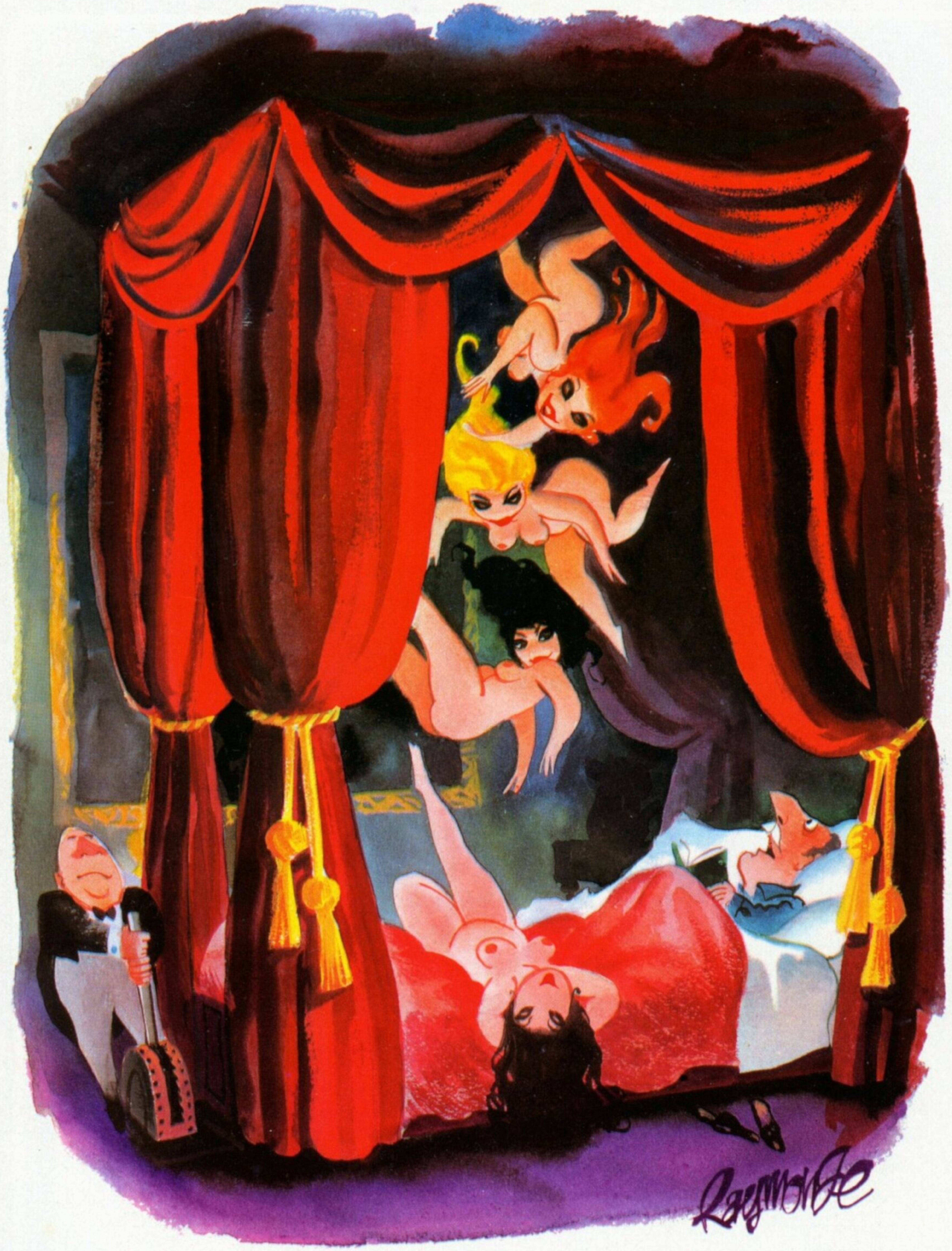



CAROLINE DELL
Greedy Girl

Above, Caroline Dell, 36–24–36, as she appears from pert top to rounded bottom in the Mayfair Film Society's inaugural film which received high praise for its sexually sophisticated strip sequences.



'Heavens, Cranston; don't tell me it's Thursday already.'

COLLECTOR'S PIECES

A good magazine is like good wine. It grows more valuable with time and scarcity. Now stocks of Mayfair's early classic issues are shrinking fast. Because several magazines featured in our first special-value package have now sold out, we have prepared a second hand-picked collection of five back numbers for 25s – but if you do not act quickly all of these memorable issues will be sold out for ever. For 25s you get: Vol. 2 Nos: 3 and 11 and Vol. 3 Nos: 5. 6 and 11.

MAYFAIR
King

Other issues available:
At 6s: Vol. 3 Nos: 2 (Hazel goes topless); 3 (Prudence nude, small cars); 7 (Fiona nude, Napoleon's sex life); 8 (Sheila's plastic bed, machine-guns); 10 (Sally, censor on 'Blow-up', mini skirts)
At 7s 6d: Vol. 4 Nos: 3 (Sophia in chains, duelling); 5 (Jackie naked with snakes, historic orgy); 6 (The girls of Scotland, last cavalry charge); 7 (The nudest student, double-bed spying); 8 (Amber unlaced, X-films); 11 (Harrison Marks' nudes, Alison); **Vol. 5 Nos:** 2 (A portfolio of erotic clothing, Madeline); 3 (Erotic Edwardienne, girls made captive, Daimlers); 4 (Sexy schoolgirls, nudest Anne Heywood, roadsters); 5 (Nudest Baroness, Jane Birkin, torpedoes); 6 (Nude on the beach, Japanese cars, the naked cinema); 7 (Pop star Millie Nude, the West's greatest gunfight, the Avenger); 8 (Provocative Penny, Scapa Flow, bedroom manners); 9 (Nude on the Dappled Grey, Farmgirls); 10 (Girls who hitch-hike, Angela's forty inches, Fairey Delta Two); 11 (Force 8 Gail, Panzer tanks, au pair Monique)
Special issues at 9s: Vol. 2: 9 (Nude paintbrush, Monsarrat); **Vol. 3:** 11 (First Quest, Nicola nude, explosives, ribaldry).
Special issues at 10s: Vol. 4: 12 (Caroline Dell, space sex) **Vol. 5:** 12 (Gabrielle, Cognac, nude girls of 1970, Virgin Witch). (See preceding page for coupon and details of Quest back numbers.)

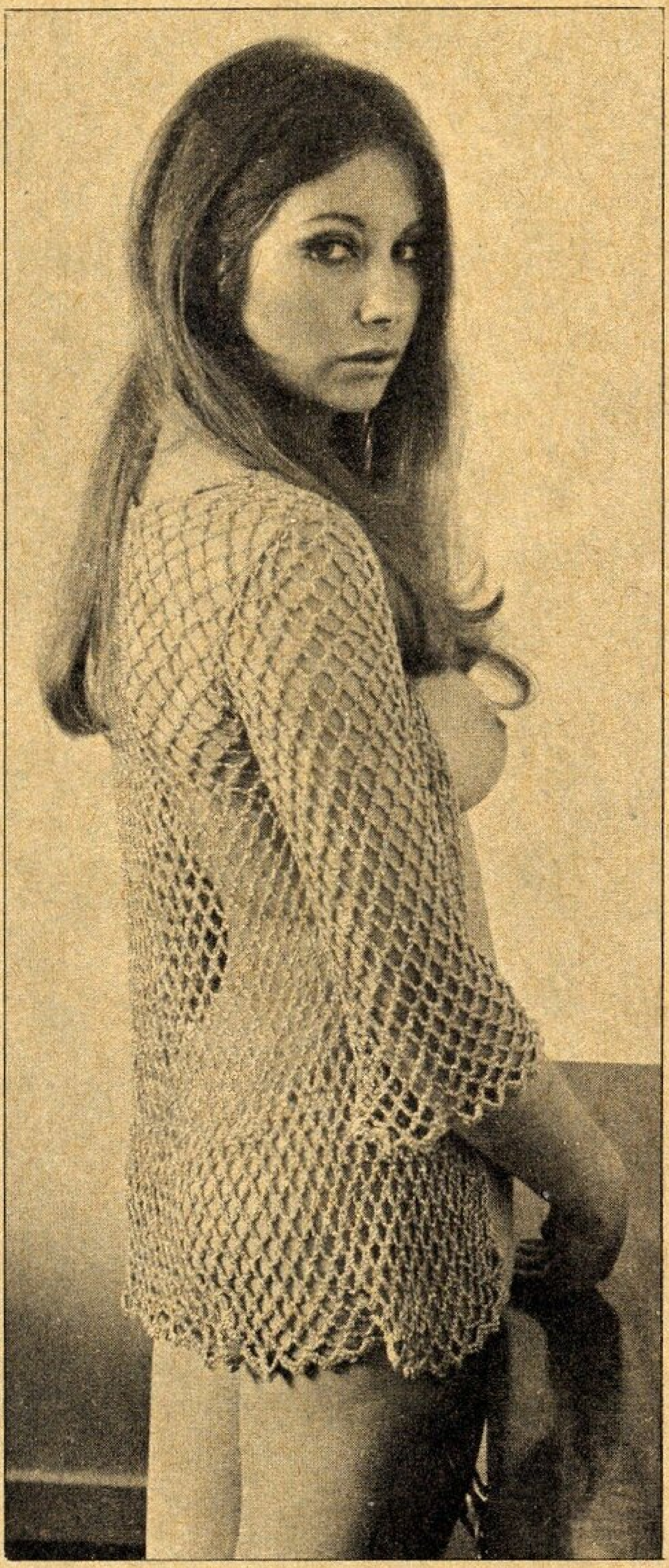
Next Month in Mayfair

The undressed air stewardess

You've always wondered . . . We've always wondered . . . Are those delicious state airline stewardesses as riveting in the nude as they are in their trim blue uniforms. Next month: a milestone – our first airgirl au naturel. Judge for yourself. It wasn't easy. The captain didn't like it, for one thing. He's in charge. The first officer didn't like it. He was chatting her up at the time. But, by thunder, the passengers will adore it. That's you.

Ettore Bugatti made cars so beautiful and so sought after that you had to dine at his chateau and pass his rigorous social tests before he allowed you to buy one. A memorable motoring occasion with the incomparable WB

Without publicity, without fuss, an amazing sex film slipped into a major cinema chain of Great Britain. Like the famous scene from 'Blow-up' the reaction came later. As a result Mayfair has secured stills of this remarkable film. The quick glimpse of the film becomes a study in depth. In Mayfair next month.



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